

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

VOL. VI.

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1912

NO. 40

SANE FOURTH IS BEST YET

SIERRA MADRE HAS BUSY DAY

Celebration Keeps Nearly Every One at Home and Proves Best Ever Held Here

Sierra Madre celebrated the Fourth yesterday in the good old fashioned way—minus the fire crackers, which were not sadly missed. There was enough going on all day to keep every one too busy for regrets over anything of that kind. And the cannonading of the racing autos during the "tuning up" process as well as during the race itself, supplied all the noise that could have been desired.

Events of the day began with the program of races which took place down town in the forenoon. A goodly crowd gathered and took tense interest in every event, from the keen competition of the sprints to the funny antics of the three-legged races and the peanut scramble. The three-legged races furnished the usual number of spills with some work for the tailor and laundryman resulting. The peanut scramble consisted of putting a large number of peanuts on the ground to be gathered up by a bunch of small boys who were lined up along a mark and started in the usual way. The prizes went to those who gathered up and brought to the mark the largest number of whole peanuts.

Following the races the crowd proceeded to Carter's Camp, bearing lunch baskets and boxes of all descriptions but mostly heavy. Tables were set on the old tent floors and in other shady spots beneath the trees and the lunch hour presented a scene of intense activity. It was without doubt the largest picnic ever held in Sierra Madre or by Sierra Madre people, and the largest crowd ever in the canyon at one time. The music was a delightful feature of the day and the obstacle race and rope climbing contest caused much amusement.

The picnic was the cause of the thought recurring to many citizens that the city of Sierra Madre ought to own the canyon. It would be a big asset to the municipal water department and a magnificent asset to the city for park purposes. Many persons expressed the opinion that the city should take steps to purchase the property before it advances in value to where the price would be prohibitive.

The big event of the day, the real fire works, the "piece de resistance," was the auto race in the afternoon. Four cars were entered and no race ever aroused keener interest. The course was from Central and Baldwin to Grand View, west to Sunnyside, south to Central, east to starting point, each car making two circuits of the course. The cars were sent away at half minute intervals. Each carried a driver and mechanic, regulation style. It was specified that no car should be less than seven years old, nor have more than two cylinders. This brought out four classy entries: Pogue's Winton, Adams' Jackson, driven by Laurel Steinberger, Rudolph Hartman's Rambler and Chantry's Apperson. Steinberger and Hartman had their cars stripped to the limit and had been entertaining the crowd all day, while tuning up and coaxing spurts of speed from their machines. Pogue finished in the best time, with Hartman second, Steinberger third and Chantry fourth. There was great enthusiasm at every stage of the race.

Immediately after the auto race the boys' coaster race was held and developed almost as much interest on the part of the spectators and it is certain the coasters came down Baldwin as fast as the racing autos had ascended.

The dance in the evening attracted a large crowd to the Woman's Club house where the day's celebration was brought to a pleasant close.

The results of the various races and contests follow:

100-yard Dash—A. Starr, first; A. Evans, second.

Peanut Scramble—Harold Flint and Harry Rasmussen tied and divided prizes evenly.

50-yard Dash for Ladies—Adelmeyer, first; Berryhill and Schwartz, tied for second.

Potato Race—Hannaford, first; R. Rasmussen, second.

50-yard Dash for Boys—R. Rasmussen, first; Powell, second.

50-yard Dash for Girls—Seecley, first; Bovard, second.

3-legged Race for Boys—Baxter-Starr, first; Seecley-Rasmussen, second.

3-legged Race for Girls—Adelmeyer-Berryhill, first; Camp-Schwartz, second.

Relay Race—Starr team, first; Hannaford team, second.

Obstacle Race—Powell, first; Carter, second.

Rope Climb—Edwards, first; A. Evans, second.

Coaster Race—J. Evans, first; Mitchell, second.

Miss Florence Vannier entertained a large number of friends with an all-day tennis party on the Fourth. Several out-of-town guests were invited. The entire day was devoted to tennis, a picnic lunch being served at noon.

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

Any change for the better in the management of the Los Angeles county horticultural office will be welcomed gladly by all who have dealings with the office or have come in contact with it through the mismanaged fumigating campaigns of the past. According to the California Cultivator, which ought to be good authority, the new commissioner can be depended upon to give more satisfactory and efficient service than we have had in the past. The Cultivator says:

The change has been made so quietly in the office of the Los Angeles County Commission of Horticulture that it is hardly known by the general public. The fruit growers in course of time, however, will be made aware of the change because of more effective work being done by that office for years. We feel safe in saying such a prophecy, for the new commissioner, Mr. William Wood of Whittier, while not in the political class, is one of those quiet workers who do not herald their promises and is a doer instead. Los Angeles County is the most important in the state as to horticultural inspection. More trees and plants pass through it than any other, and while the state is aiding in this work much devolves upon the county. We hope entire success for Mr. Wood's administration.

WILL CONDUCT OFFICE

During the absence of A. S. Mead this summer E. W. Mead will be in charge of his real estate office. He will attend to all affairs in connection with sales, rentals and insurance. Some persons appear to have gained an erroneous impression from the account in last week's News of Mr. Mead's prospective vacation trip, to the effect that his office would be closed.

FOURTH OF JULY SOCIAL

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Congregational Church are planning to hold a Fourth of July Social in the parlors of the church tonight (Friday). Although the 4th is now one day late it was impossible to give this social function at any earlier date. Refreshments will be served and a program consisting of several selections appropriate for the occasion. Everybody is invited. Come and have a social time.

LUMBERMEN WANT PROTECTION

Certain lumbermen of California are coming to realize that their timber holdings must be protected from fire. The number of those companies that are taking definite measures to safeguard their timber by cooperating with the Forest Service is on the increase.

Several owners of large tracts of timber situated within the National Forests in the northern part of the state have recently entered into co-operative agreements with the Forest Service for the protection of their timber from fire. Under these agreements the timber owners contribute either funds or men, who are placed directly under the supervision of the Forest officers.

The Bayside Lumber Company has just entered into such an agreement with the Forest Service. Under this contract the Bayside Company will pay the salary of a fire guard for three months and will defray the expense of fighting fires on its lands situated within the Trinity National Forest.

THE COURAGE OF CONTEMPT

California Outlook.—Perhaps the five most important and significant measures now being considered by the people of the various states are these: Primary laws, including preference voting for United States Senators and candidates for the presidential nomination; the Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall and Woman Suffrage. By grace—or disgrace—of improperly seated delegates President Taft controlled the Republican national convention in all of its activities. The platform adopted was in keeping with his wishes and his views. Before it was presented to the convention it was read to him, word for word, by Murray Crane. It contained all he wanted it to contain and nothing he did not want it to contain. Here is what Mr. Taft's platform has to say with respect to the issues enumerated—issues which must be decided, measures which must be adopted before the people can hope to rule:

The Recall—Don't disturb the courts. Primaries—Nothing. The Initiative—Nothing. The Referendum—Nothing. Woman Suffrage—Nothing.

There are other questions concerning which Mr. Taft maintains silence; but the significance of what has been stated will give us sufficient to think about at one sitting. It must be said for President Taft and his Reactionary supporters that as far as popular rule is concerned they have the courage of their contempt.

SIERRA MADRE AT REDONDO

Redondo Reflex.—Sierra Madre Board of Trade was here en masse Wednesday looking over the town and getting acquainted with the people of Redondo Beach. They seemed to be very much impressed with conditions in general and were very generous with their compliments regarding this beach as a municipality. They are a fine appearing set of citizens and give an outsider an idea of Sierra Madre as a town that does things.

WHAT OF SOCIALISM?

ITS RELATION TO THE PRESENT POLITICAL SITUATION REVIEWED

(Charles Dwight Willard, in California Outlook.)

By a process of division and subdivision we may reparate the people of this world in their political beliefs into four groups. First, we use the issue of discontent. Here is a group that is pretty well satisfied with things as they are and is timid and doubtful of change. They are the stand-patters. The remainder who are dissatisfied and want things better divided again into two groups on the issue of whether to build on the present economic and political system and work out reform by evolutionary and gradual methods, or to strive for a complete new system involving radical changes in present conditions. The first of these, the people who would cling to the present order, we may call Progressives. These first two classes make up the bulk of the Republican and Democratic parties in this country.

Coming back again to our remainder, we find that it divides again into two groups. One is the Socialists who believe that the government should take over all means of production, and the other the Syndicalists who hold that the wealth of the world belongs to the man who labors and that it is his right and duty to get possession of it by any process that will give results.

There are various smaller groups that locate somewhere in between these four classes, including the Anarchists, who are outside of everything. A notable example of the in-betweens are the single-taxers, who touch the Progressives on the one side and the Socialists on the other. They have a plan for socializing land, and they claim this measure will correct our economic evils without the necessity for taking over everything. Then there are branches of the Socialists that shade off into syndicalism, so that it is difficult to say just where one belief ends and the other begins.

Thus far politics in our country and elsewhere has chiefly been run by the first two classes, the Stand-patters and the Progressives, sometimes segregated into parties and sometimes mixed helplessly within the parties. It is an ancient and a cunning trick of ruling powers, whether politicians or kings, to keep progressive spirits divided by

partisanship. That is one reason why the world moves so slowly toward the betterment of things.

But these two classes no longer have a monopoly of politics. The Socialists are here as a definite, positive force that must be reckoned with. They are carrying local elections in a number of cities, and in others have compelled the old parties to unite in order to beat them back. Their numbers are increasing rapidly, and their moral influence, through the ability of their speakers and writers, and through the genuine earnestness of their followers, keeps far in advance of their actual enrollment as a party.

In passing let us note that the fourth class described above has not thus far figured in our politics. We know these syndicalists chiefly as members of the I. W. W., and the impression that is given by careless newspaper writers is that they are mostly tramps and bums. That a good many vagabonds fall in at their meetings is true enough, but the leaders of the movement and most of its rank and file have pretty clear ideas of what they are trying to do. They are not in favor of political action. Their program is one of agitation against the existing order and for the union of all lines of hand workers. The weapon they propose to use, and are using with deadly effect, is the universal or paralyzing strike. They defy the law and uphold "direct action." They are destined to play an important part in our political affairs, although perhaps not in the capacity of voters.

We should always remember when considering Socialism to make the distinction between Socialists as a political party and the people that are of socialistic belief. They are not coincident and there is an overlap both ways. There are many in the Socialist party that are not true Socialists, but Syndicalists. They call themselves the radicals of the party, and many of them figure that there is no valid difference between Socialism and Syndicalism; but the true Socialists understand the distinction, and they know, moreover, that sooner or later it is an issue that must be threshed out and settled within their party. And there are great numbers of people that believe in Socialism as an economic doctrine that do not vote with the Socialist party. There are Christian Socialists, for example, who believe that society will achieve the Socialistic state through the general acceptance of the doctrines of Christ—not the church merely, but of Christ. Then there are what may be called the progressive Socialists—people who believe that the final outcome will be something very like what the Socialists describe, but that the only safe and

sane way to achieve it is to work with and build on present conditions.

The Socialist party has voted about three-quarters of a million at the last two national elections and will probably pass the million mark this time. It is a compact, well-organized concern, full of devoted people and with machinery that is admirably fitted to rapid expansion and perfect discipline when the day comes—if it does come—that the people turn in despair from the old parties to the one that promises better things. It has, however, one serious drawback, that is fully realized by the thinking fellows of the creed, and that is the control by radicals to which we have briefly referred. The best evidence of conditions on the inside of the organization is the renomination, year after year, of Debs. Whatever one may think of the doctrines of Socialism, it seems quite impossible that a law-abiding, self-respecting man or woman could think well of Debs. Reading his speeches one is moved to question whether he is actually sound of mind. They are so full of preposterous rant and meaningless abuse. If Socialism is to win it must win by logic and argument, but this man does not reason, he raves—and even as a denunciation of wrong the performance is without merit. From the time the McNamaras were indicted to the day they confessed, Debs filled the Socialist papers—particularly the Appeal to Reason, a half-crazy affair that has since gone out of existence—with columns of frenzied declamation in big type calling upon Socialists "who were not afraid to die" to rise and rescue their martyred comrades. He defends and urges on the "direct action" men, and his talk at times is rank treason and anarchy. This is not a new thing, but has been going on for years, and yet in the face of it the Socialist party has just renominated him for the third time. This is in the nature of a complete "give-away" on the Socialist political organization, and it no doubt deters great numbers of people, who believe in Socialism, from uniting with the Socialist party.

In its local fights the Socialist party is no better behaved, and possibly a little worse, than the old organizations. It attributes all the crimes in the calendar to its opponents, claims all the virtues itself, circulates campaign lies cheerfully, allies itself with tough elements, dodges the issue and in general conducts itself just like an old hand at the game. When it wins it finds itself facing the same concrete difficulties of administration—lack of money, public inertia, human frailties, etc.—that afflict the older organizations.

The Socialistic idea contains so much

LANGUAGE OF HORSES

THEY CAN INDICATE DISTRESS THOUGH NOT BY AUDIBLE MEANS SAYS EXCHANGE

There are still people in the world who regard the horse as a dumb animal, created solely for the use of men and women and having no rights of his own, says a Nova Scotia paper.

That is largely because the horse is in the fullest sense a dumb animal. If you strike a dog he yelps; if you step on the tail of a cat she screams. A horse, on the other hand, may be beaten almost to death and make no sound. Pleasure he expresses by whinnying; but it is only in his death agony that his suffering finds audible expression, and frequently not even then.

It is this pathetic silence, this inability of the horse to give utterance to his pain, that causes so many persons to ignore his sufferings. They have no imagination, and he has no cries with which to impress their indurated senses. If he could cry out as the dog does, our city streets would re-echo sounds that could not be borne a day. The change in the treatment of horses would be instant and enduring.

Take, for example, the navicular disease, from which many horses suffer. It attacks one of the bones of the fore foot. The bone decays just as a human tooth decays. Imagine the suffering of a horse obliged to walk on a foot in that condition.

Some forms of spavin are so painful that a horse afflicted with them becomes thin, even if he is generously fed and does no work. The troubles may, indeed, be recognized by this peculiar emaciation—an excessive thinness about the waist or loins.

But although the horse does not speak nor cry out, he tells his story plainly enough to those who can understand it. It is his eye that speaks. When he suffers his eye is contracted and has a nervous, flurried, restless expression, indescribable, yet easily recognized. When he is comfortable, his eye seems large and full and has a quiet and serene look, the expression of fun and mischief. From a stable full of city work horses an expert will select by the expression of their eyes alone the horses that have good drivers and those that have cruel ones.

That the ears of the horse also express his emotion is too well known to need more than a reference. When he is unhappy, ill-treated or neglected, his ears have a backward slant that is characteristic. You sometimes see it in animals that are vicious; you always see it in those that are abused. Since the horse's vocabulary is so limited, owners and drivers can learn it all.

of truth and reason, and is so plainly in accord with modern economic and governmental tendencies, that we may expect some nation before long to be captured by the propaganda and compelled to submit to the experiment. The result may astonish all by its success—or its failure. In the meantime, Socialistic methods will come more and more into use in all enlightened governments, that is to say, the governmental function will be extended to cover enterprises where the general welfare seems to demand a public instead of a private ownership. Gradually it will dawn, even upon the timeliest and standpatist ones, that there is nothing essentially dangerous in the Socialist idea. The Socialist party may be destined, as its active members all believe, to increase to giant proportions and at last dominate over politics; but to the present writer it seems more probable that with the progressives stealing its policies on the one side and the Syndicalists blowing it to fragments on the other side, this organization will never achieve more than an indirect influence. It has already, however, accomplished much good—at least this belief has, if not the party—and it will continue to be a valuable factor in our political and economic progress.

GOOD TEMPLAR MEETING

The I. O. G. T. lodge will hold its next meeting in the Town Hall next Thursday evening, July 11. Initiation of new members will be a part of the evening's work.

Verna Tribble, Secretary.

"That young lady is angry with me. The episode happened at a reception. I couldn't see her face under her big hat." "And you mistook her for another young lady, eh? Nothing in that to get mad about." "I mistook her for a piano lamp."—Washington Herald.

Alice—Does Edith's husband ever take her out to dinner as he did before they were married? Kate—Oh, yes; but not to the same restaurants. —Boston Transcript.

Casey (watching the golfers)—Oi don't see anny difference bechune that an' wor-rk. O'Brien—Yez don't, eh? Well, yez would whin pay day kem around.—Boston Transcript.

"Mr. Wombat, I have always heard of you as a good loser." "I try to deserve that reputation, young man, but you can't sell me any bum stock of any sort."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If You Don't Believe It

when we tell you people read The News just try a simple test. Go to the post office on a Friday evening when people are getting their mail and

Watch 'em

You will see that nearly every one takes home a copy of The News. Most of them read it on the way to avoid competition with the rest of the family when the paper reaches the home. A paper that is read like that is a good advertising medium.

That is why News liners pay

PROFESSIONAL
CARDS

DR. R. HAMILTON MACKERRAS

Physician and Surgeon

Office hours 12 p. m. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and by appointment
Phone 53 JA YB L. A. Res. Phone 51701

DR. LLOYD L. KREBS

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Phone Red 30 Residence 72 W. Alegria

POTTS' BUSINESS COLLEGE

37 E. Union St., Pasadena
Both Phones 237

Thorough Instruction—Large Enrollment—
Finest Building and Equipment—Moderate
Charges—Position for Every Graduate.

REYNOLDS & BERGIEN

UNDERTAKERS

Lady Attendant Cremating

Auto Ambulance

Phone Blue 68 West Central Ave

R. B. BABER

Painter and Paperhanger

Work Done by the Day or Contract

PHONE RED 54

Brief Items of Interest

Mrs. E. L. Yerxa visited relatives in Whittier a few days this week.

Mrs. E. S. Stilson and children have been spending the week in Los Angeles.

Miss Mabel Vale of Long Beach spent Tuesday as the guest of Miss Hazel Hill.

Miss Katherine Torrance is a weekend guest at the home of Miss Nebiker of Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Caley were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Coles of Huntington Beach.

R. Moser of Ocean Park has been in Sierra Madre this week working on a house on Auburn Avenue.

George M. Smith of the DuPage County Tribune of Wheaton, Ill., was a caller at the News office Tuesday.

Miss Laura Miller of St. Louis is a guest at the home of Mrs. M. N. Olds of West Highland for a few weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. George H. Cornell have gone to La Jolla where they will spend a few weeks during the Rector's vacation.

Mrs. Mary Davis Goodfellow was a guest at a luncheon given at the home of Mrs. E. H. Meredith of Los Angeles on Wednesday.

The Misses Georgia and Belora Laird of Kansas are spending a few weeks at the home of their cousin, Mrs. Edgar W. Camp.

H. R. Adams and son Raymond left this week for their home in Providence, R. I., after spending several months in Sierra Madre.

Mr. and Mrs. Norval McGregor of San Jose are guests at the home of Mr. McGregor's mother, Mrs. Jane McGregor of Esperanza Avenue.

Mrs. S. R. G. Twycross has gone to Ocean Park where she will spend the summer at their cottage. She was accompanied by Mrs. D. E. Clough.

Mrs. E. H. Kent of Sierra Madre Avenue, has as a guest, her mother, Mrs. Tace of St. Paul, Minn., who will spend the summer months with her.

Fred Blumer is spending a few weeks at Balboa Beach as a guest of his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Blumer, who have a cottage there.

Mrs. Frank Gresham has returned to her home in Alameda after spending a few weeks at the home of her mother, Mrs. Lambert of East Grand View.

Mrs. Costello of West Highland left Tuesday for the east where she will spend the summer. Among other places she will visit her old home in Maine.

Miss Eileen Everett of Orange has been spending the week end as a guest at the home of Miss Dorothy Humphries. Miss Everett has just returned from a year at Stanford University.

Mrs. J. T. Mason and daughter, Miss Katherine Mason, have given up their Sierra Madre residence after a stay of several months, and left this week for Monterey where they will visit at the home of Lieut. and Mrs. W. S. Greacen.

The "Tacky Party" given under the auspices of the Woman's Club last Friday evening was a great success from every standpoint. Never was a greater variety of amusing costumes seen. An old fashioned supper was served and the evening was spent in dancing.

Roydon Pool has gone to Inyo county to join Harold Costello of Sierra Madre at Haiwee for a hunting and fishing trip in the high Sierras. They planned to cross the divide and spend a fortnight in the Merache Meadows and among the lakes which feed the Kern river.

Mrs. Frank Wright who left Tuesday for Chicago was the astonished recipient of a "traveler's shower," given as a parting remembrance by the members of the Dicken's Club. The affair was held at the home of Mrs. L. C. Torrance last Saturday, and the guest of honor was presented with a large number of articles large and small, to add to her comfort through the journey. The things were packed in a doll's trunk, and clever and appropriate verses accompanied each article. These were about thirty ladies present.

E. W. Camp made a short business trip to Phoenix, Ariz., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sullivan have moved into the C. H. Thornburg house.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Henszey came up from Balboa Beach to spend a few days this week.

Mrs. Florence Cheney left Wednesday for Long Beach where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Frank Wright and family left Tuesday for Chicago where they will remain indefinitely.

Miss Dorothy Gresham of Long Beach has been a guest at the home of Mrs. Lambert of East Grand View.

C. W. Mitchell is making a business trip to San Diego and points throughout the east, including St. Louis.

Dorothy and Donald Mitchell, accompanied by Mrs. Crawford, have gone to Balboa Beach where they will spend the summer.

William Gottlieb is enjoying a visit from his father and mother, who recently arrived from their home in New York City. They are located with Mrs. Ferry of South Baldwin Ave.

The Misses Vera and Dea Harriman have returned from a short stay in Los Angeles during the absence of their sister, Miss Jennie Harriman, in Portland, Oregon.

The Misses Johnson who have been occupying the Hudson cottage on Auburn Avenue the past year, are now occupying the Wilson bungalow on West Highland.

The Dickens Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. C. C. Nourse Wednesday. While the society has adjourned for the summer, a few enthusiastic members will continue to meet.

Mrs. Lydia Anderson and Miss Marguerite Anderson who have been spending a short time at their cottage on Hermosa have returned to Long Beach to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Mead are enjoying a visit from their grandson, Eugene Caffey of Logan, Utah. His mother and brother are expected to arrive tomorrow for an extended stay in Sierra Madre.

VICTROLA CONCERT

Under the auspices of the Woman's Club a Victrola concert will be given in the club house Friday evening, July 12, at eight o'clock. Choice records of selections by Carusa, Melba, Sembrich and other great artists will be heard.

Special attention is called to the announcement that the new moving picture and stereoscopic machine, the Edison Home Kinetoscope, will be used for the first time in Sierra Madre at this entertainment. Come and bring the children. Admission 10 cents.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE

Mrs. C. Watkins has opened a first class boarding house on Auburn Avenue in the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Rice. The house is newly furnished and excellent meals are provided.

THE EPICURE.

When the Sultan Shah Zaman Goes to the city Ispahan. Even before he gets so far As the place where the lustered palm trees are. At the last of the thirty palace gates

The pet of the harem, Rose in Bloom. Orders a feast in his favorite room—

Glistening square of colored ice. Sweetened with sirups, tintured with spice;

Creams and cordials and sugared dates; Syrian apples, Orphanes quinces. Limes and citrons and apricots. And wines that are known to eastern princes

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich

A GIRL
OF THE
LIMBERLOST

By

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

Copyright, 1909, by Doubleday, Page & Co

SYNOPSIS

Although a good scholar, Elnora Comstock, entering high school, is ashamed by her country dress. She needs \$20 for books and tuition fees. Her mother is unsympathetic, and Elnora tells her troubles to Wesley Sinton, an old neighbor.

When Elnora was born her father was drowned in a swamp, embittering her mother's life. Elnora determines to raise money by gathering forest specimens. The Sintons buy clothes for her.

Elnora, getting her books cheaply, finds a market with the Bird Woman for butterflies, Indian relics, etc.

Mrs. Comstock's devotion to her husband's memory will not permit her to sell trees or have oil wells dug on her land. The Sintons bring Elnora new clothing.

Elnora is delighted with her outfit. Her mother says she must pay for it. Wesley and Margaret Sinton discuss the girl's affairs.

Pete Corson, a Limberlost frequenter, warns Elnora not to visit the Limberlost at night or go far into the swamp at any time.

Billy, a bright but untrained little chap, with a shiftee father and hungry brother and sister, gets Elnora's luncheon. Wesley, troubled by Corson's warning, investigates.

Sinton finds some one has been spying on Elnora. The girl feeds Billy again. She is "taken up" by the high school girls.

CHAPTER VII.

Wherein Elnora Receives a Warning and Billy Appears on the Scene.

WHEN Mrs. Comstock entered the cabin and began the day's work, but mingled with the brooding bitterness of her soul was the vision of a sweet young face, glad with a sadness never before seen on it, and over and over she repeated, "I wonder what he'll say to her?"

What he said was that she looked as fresh and sweet as a posy and to be careful not to step in the mud or scratch her shoe when she went to the cave.

Elnora found her key and opened the door. Not where she had placed it, but conspicuously in front lay her little heap of bills and a crude scrawl of writing beside it. Elnora picked up the note in astonishment.

Here Elnora, the lord almighty is hiding you all right don't you ever doubt it this money of yours was took for some time has nite but it is returned with interest for not sake done ever come to the swamp at nite or late evening or mornin or far in any way sompin worse an you know could it you

A FRIEND. Elnora began to tremble. She hastily glanced about. The damp earth before the cave had been trodden by large, roughly shod feet. She caught up the money and the note, thrust them into her gulmpe, locked the case and ran for the road.

She was so breathless and her face so white Sinton noticed it. "What in the world's the matter, Elnora?" he asked as he helped her into the carriage.

"I am half afraid," she panted. "Tut, tut, child," said Wesley Sinton. "Nothing in the world to be afraid of. What happened?"

"Uncle Wesley," said Elnora, "I had more money than I brought home last night, and I put it in my case. Some one has been there. The ground is all trampled, and they left this note."

"And took your money, I'll wager," said Sinton angrily.

"No," answered Elnora. "Read the note and, oh, Uncle Wesley, tell me what it means!"

Sinton's face was a study. "I don't know what it means," he said. "Only one thing is clear. It means some beast who doesn't really want to harm you has got his eye on you and he is telling you plain as he can not to give him a chance. You got to keep along the roads, in the open, and not let the thickest moth that ever flew tell you out of hearing of us or your mother. It means that, plain and distinct."

"Just when I can sell them; just when everything is so lovely on account of them. I can't—I can't stay away from the swamp. The Limberlost is going to buy the books, the clothes, pay the tuition and even start a college fund. I just can't."

"You've got to," said Sinton. "This is plain enough. You go far in the swamp at your own risk, even in daylight."

"Uncle Wesley," said the girl in a whisper, "last night before I went to bed I was so happy I tried to pray, and I thanked God for hiding me 'under the shadow of his wing.' But how in the world could any one know it?"

Wesley Sinton's heart gave one great leap in his breast. His face was whiter than the girl's now.

"Was you praying out loud, honey?" he almost whispered.

"I might have said words," answered Elnora. "I know I do sometimes. I've never had any one to talk to, and I've played with and talked to myself all my life. You've caught me at it often, but it always makes mother angry when she does. She says it's silly. I forget and do it when I'm alone. But, Uncle Wesley, if I said anything last night you know it was

Some Every Day Prices
AT
NORRIS'

17 lbs. Granulated Sugar.....	\$1.00
Fancy Creamery Butter, per lb.....	.37
Sierra Madre Fresh Eggs, per doz.....	.28
3 cans Corn.....	.25
Table Apricots, per can.....	.15
Table Peaches, per can.....	.15
7 bars White King Soap.....	.25
6 bars Cocoa Naptha Soap.....	.25
2 bottles Bluing.....	.15
2 pkgs. Gloss Starch.....	.15
Shrimps, per can.....	.10
Minced Clams, per can.....	.10

Goods delivered to all parts of the city

PHONE, BLACK 12

S. R. NORRIS, Prop. of the

Sierra Madre Dept. Store

BEACHWARD BOUND?

Our Auto Trucks will Move You

QUICKLY, SAFELY, REASONABLY

Crown City Transfer and Storage Company

ANDREW OLSEN, Local Agent

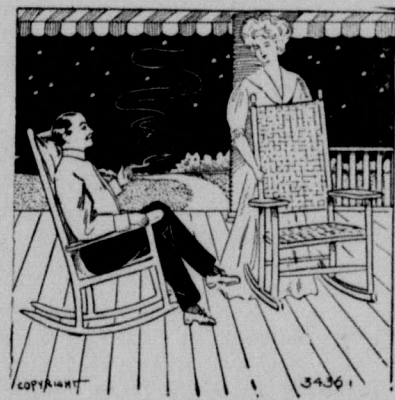
A BARGAIN!

FOR SALE—Lot adjoining Woman's Club House, 50x150 for only \$650.00 CASH

A. S. MEAD

Real Estate Loans Insurance Notary

PORCH FURNITURE



HAMMOCKS
"OLD HICKORY"
CHAIRS and SEATTEES
AWNINGS
SWING CHAIRS
and everything for summer comfort

J. J. BERGIEN

Blue 68 87 W. Central

WHEN YOU CAME TO
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Wouldn't you have been delighted and wouldn't you have saved some money had you known of the PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TROLLEY TRIPS of the Pacific Electric Railway?

3 UNEQUALED \$1
GREAT TRIPS ANYWHERE EACH

Balloon Route Trolley Trip

Triangle Trolley Trip

Old Mission Trolley Trip

A total expense of \$3 covers all three trips and gives the traveller the most comprehensive, truthful knowledge of the Southland.

RESERVED SEATS. PARLOR CARS
COMPETENT COURTEOUS GUIDES.

RECOMMEND THEM TO YOUR FRIENDS FROM THE EAST. THEY WILL THANK YOU.

Call or write for Folders to give or send them.

JUNE COAL PRICES

Are the lowest of the year. Order your winter's supply of

Aberdeen or Black Diamond

for delivery from the car and save fuel money

SIERRA MADRE FEED & FUEL CO.

J. C. WHYTE, Mgr.

Main 50

36 N. Lima

Patterson's

MAIN 100

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS

DESIGNS

COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may immediately ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munst & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, 4 months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNST & Co. 301 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

PUMPS that combine simplicity, efficiency, low cost of maintenance

The Layne Patent Multi-Stage Enclosed Shaft Centrifugal Pump and Screen. Sand does not trouble

WRITE FOR CATALOG NO. 76

Layne & Bowler Corp.

902-910 Santa Fe Ave. (Cor. Violet)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MRS. E. M. BROOKS

Dressmaking

Green 63. 178 E. Central.

MATRIMONY.

No navigator has yet traced lines of latitude and longitude on the conjugal sea.—Honore de Balzac

When a husband is embraced without affection there must be some reason for it.—Hippodamia.

However old a conjugal union, it still garners some sweetness. Winter has some cloudless days, and under the snow a few flowers still bloom.—Mme. de Staël

STOP IT IF YOU CAN

IF NOT WE WILL HELP YOU; INFACT WE DO EVERYTHING A PLUMBER DOES EXCEPT OUR CUSTOMERS.

WE ALSO HAVE FOR SALE EVERYTHING A BUILDER OR BUYER CAN WISH IN THE HARDWARE LINE.

CLARK & GRAHAM
CENTRAL AVENUE
SIERRA MADRE CAL.

A Girl of the Limerlost

(Continued from Page 2)

the merest whisper, because I'd have been so afraid of waking mother. Don't you see? I sat up late and did two lessons."

Sinton was steady himself. "I'll stop and examine the case as I come back," he said. "Maybe I can find some clue. That other—that was just accidental. It's a common expression. All the preachers use it. If I was going to pray that would be the very first thing I'd say."

The color came back to Elnora's face.

"Did you tell your mother about this money, Elnora?" he asked.

"No, I didn't," said Elnora. "It's dreadful not to, but I was afraid. You see, they are clearing the swamp so fast. Every year it grows harder to find things, and Indian stuff gets scarcer. I want to graduate, and that's four years unless I can double on the course. That means \$20 tuition each year and new books and clothes. There won't ever be so much at one time again—that I know. I just got to hang to my money. I was afraid to tell her for fear she would want it for taxes, and she really must sell a tree or some cattle for that, mustn't she, Uncle Wesley?"

"On your life, she must!" said Wesley. "You put your little wad in the bank all safe and never mention it to a living soul. It don't seem right, but your case is peculiar. Every word you say is a true word. Each year you will get less from the swamp, and things everywhere will be scarcer. If you ever get a few dollars ahead, that can start your college fund. You know you are going to college, Elnora!"

"Of course I am," said Elnora.

She jumped from the carriage and soon found that with her books, her lunch box and the box of arrow points she had a heavy load. She was almost to the bridge crossing the culvert when she heard the distressed screams of a child. Across an orchard of the suburbs came a small boy, after him a big dog, urged by a man in the background. Elnora's heart was with the small flying figure in any event whatever. She dropped her load on the bridge and with practiced hand caught up a stone and flung it at the dog. The beast curled double with a howl. The boy reached the fence, and Elnora was there to help him over. As he touched the top she swung him to the ground, but he clung to her, clasping her tightly, sobbing and shivering with fear. Elnora carried him to the bridge and sat with him in her arms. For a time his replies to her questions were indistinct, but at last he became quiet and she could understand.

He was a wite of a boy, nothing but skin covered bones, his burned, freckled face in a mortar of tears and dust, his clothing unspeakably dirty, one great toe in a festering mass from a broken nail and sores all over the visible portions of the small body.

"You wouldn't set a dog on a boy for just taking a few old apples when you fed 'em to pigs with a shovel every day, would you?" he said.

"No, I would not," said Elnora hotly. "You'd give a boy all the apples he wanted if he hadn't any breakfast and was so hungry he was all twisty inside, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would," said Elnora.

"If you had anything to eat you would give me something right now, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Elnora. "There's nothing but just staves in the package. But my dinner is in that case. I'll gladly divide."

She opened the box. The famished child gave a little cry and reached both hands. Elnora caught them back.

"Did you have any supper?"

"No."

"Any dinner yesterday?"

"An apple and some grapes I stole."

"Whose boy are you?"

"Old Tom Billings."

"Why don't your father get you something to eat?"

"He does most days, but he's drunk now."

"Hush! You must not!" said Elnora. "He's your father?"

"He's spent all the money to get drunk, too," said the boy, "and Jimmy and Belle are both crying for breakfast. I'd 'a' got out all right with an apple for myself, but I got to get some for them, and the dog got too close. Say, you can just throw, can't you?"

"Yes," admitted Elnora. She poured half the milk into the cup. "Drink this," she said, holding it to him.

"The boy gulped the milk and swore joyously, gripping the cup with shaking fingers.

"Hush!" cried Elnora. "That's dreadful!"

"What's dreadful?"

"To say such awful words."

"Huh, pa says worse'n an that every breath he draws."

Elnora stared into the quaint little face and saw that the child was older than she had thought. He might have been forty by his hard, unchildish expression.

"Do you want to be like your father?"

"No, I want to be like you. Couldn't an angel be prettier 'an you? Can I have more milk?"

Elnora complied the flask. The boy drained the cup. He drew a breath of satisfaction as he gazed into her face.

"You wouldn't go off and leave your little boy, would you?" he asked.

"Did some one go away and leave you?" questioned Elnora in return.

"Yes, my mother went off and left me and left Jimmy and Belle, too," said the boy. "You wouldn't leave your little boy, would you?"

"No."

The boy looked eagerly at the box. Elnora lifted a sandwich and uncovered the fried chicken. The boy gasped with delight.

"Say, I could eat the stuff in the glass and the other box and carry the bread and the chicken to Jimmy and Belle," he offered.

Elnora silently uncovered the custard with preserved cherries on top and handed it and the spoon to the child. Never did food disappear faster. The salad went next, and a sandwich and half a chicken breast followed.

"I better leave the rest for Jimmy and Belle," he said. "They're 'st fightin' hungry."

Elnora gave him the remainder of the carefully prepared lunch. The boy clutched it and ran with a sidewise hop like a wild thing.

Elnora covered the dishes and cup, polished the spoon, replaced it and closed the beautiful case. She caught her breath in a tremulous laugh.

"If Aunt Margaret knew that she'd never forgive me," she said. "It seems as if secrecy is literally forced upon me, and I hate it. What will I do for lunch? I'll have to go sell my arrows and keep enough money for a restaurant sandwich."

So she walked hurriedly into town, sold her points at a good price, deposited her funds and went away with a neat little bank book and the note from the Limerlost carefully folded inside. Elnora passed down the great hall that morning, and no one paid the slightest attention to her. The truth was she looked so like every one else that she was perfectly inconspicuous. But in the coat room there were members of her class. Surely no one intended it, but the whisper was too loud.

"Look at the girl from the Limerlost in the clothes that woman gave her!"

Elnora turned on them. "I beg your pardon," she said unsteadily. "I couldn't help hearing that! No one gave me these clothes. I paid for them myself."

Some one muttered, "Pardon me," but incredulous faces gazed at her.

Elnora felt driven. "Aunt Margaret selected them, and she meant to give



"Drink this," she said, holding it to him. "The boy gulped the milk and swore joyously, gripping the cup with shaking fingers."

"Hush!" cried Elnora. "That's dreadful!"

"What's dreadful?"

"To say such awful words."

"Huh, pa says worse'n an that every breath he draws."

Elnora stared into the quaint little face and saw that the child was older than she had thought. He might have been forty by his hard, unchildish expression.

"Do you want to be like your father?"

"No, I want to be like you. Couldn't an angel be prettier 'an you? Can I have more milk?"

Elnora complied the flask. The boy drained the cup. He drew a breath of satisfaction as he gazed into her face.

"You wouldn't go off and leave your little boy, would you?" he asked.

"Did some one go away and leave you?" questioned Elnora in return.

"Yes, my mother went off and left me and left Jimmy and Belle, too," said the boy. "You wouldn't leave your little boy, would you?"

this time impatiently.

"That's the tassel of the cornstalk," said Elnora, with a forced laugh.

The response was genuine. Every one shouted. Sadie Reed blushed, but she laughed also.

"Well, it's beautiful," she said, "especially the quills. They are exactly what I want. I know I don't deserve any kindness from you, but I do wish you would tell me at whose store you got those quills."

"Gladly," said Elnora. "You can't get quills like those at a store. They are from a living bird. Phoebe Simms gathers them in her orchard as her peacocks shed them. They are wing quills from the males."

Then there was a perfect silence. How was Elnora to know that not a girl there would have told that?

"I haven't a doubt but I can get you some," she offered. "She gave Aunt Margaret a great bunch, and those are part of them. I am quite sure she has more and would spare some."

Sadie Reed laughed shortly. "You wouldn't trouble," she said. "I was foolish. I thought they were expensive quills. I wanted them for a twenty dollar velvet toque to match my new suit. If they are picked off the ground, really, I couldn't use them."

"Only in spots," said Elnora. "They don't just cover the earth. Phoebe Simms' peacocks are the only ones within miles of Onabasha, and they moult but once a year. If your hat only cost \$20 it's hardly good enough for those quills. You see, the Almighty made and colored those himself, and he puts the same kind on Phoebe Simms' peacocks that he put on the head of the family in the forests of Ceylon away back in the beginning. Any old manufactured quill from New York or Chicago will do for your little twenty dollar hat. You ought to have something infinitely better than that to be worthy of quills that are made by the Creator."

How those girls did laugh! One of them walked by Elnora to the auditorium, sat with her during exercises and tried to talk whenever she dared to keep Elnora from seeing the curious and admiring looks bent upon her. For the brown eyed boy whistled, and there was pantomime of all sorts going on behind Elnora's back that day. Happy with her books no one knew how much she saw, and from her absorption in her studies it was evident she cared too little to notice. It soon developed that to be inconspicuous and to work was all Elnora craved.

After school she went again to the home of the Bird Woman, and together they visited the swamp and took away more specimens. This time Elnora asked the Bird Woman to keep the money until noon of the next day, when she would call for it and have it added to her bank account. She slowly walked home, for the visit to the swamp had brought back full force the experience of the morning. Again and again she examined the crude little note, for she did not know what it meant, yet it bred vague fear.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wherein Mrs. Comstock Indulges In "Frills" and Billy Reappears.

It was Wesley Sinton who really wrestled with the problem as he drove about his business. He did not have to ask himself what it meant; he knew. The old Corson gang was still holding together. Elder members who had escaped the law had been joined by a younger brother of Jack's, and they met in the thickest of the few remaining fast places of the swamp to drink, gamble and loaf. Then, suddenly, there would be a robbery in some country house where a farmer that day had sold his wheat or corn and not paid a visit to the bank, or in some neighboring village.

The home of Mrs. Comstock and Elnora adjoined the swamp. Sinton's land lay next, and not another residence or man easy to reach in case of trouble. Whoever wrote that note had some human kindness in his breast, but the fact stood revealed that he feared his strength if Elnora was delivered into his hands. Where had he been the previous night when he heard that prayer? Was that the first time he had been in such proximity? Sinton drove fast, for he wished to reach the swamp before Elnora and the Bird Woman would go there for more moths.

At almost 4 he came to the case, and dropping on his knees studied the ground, every sense alert. He found two or three little heel prints. Those were made by Elnora or the Bird Woman. What Sinton wanted to learn was whether all the rest were the footprints of one man. It was easily seen they were not. There were deep, even tracks made by fairly new shoes, and others where a well worn heel cut deeper on the inside of the print than at the outer edge. Undoubtedly some of Corson's old gang were watching the case and the visits of the women to it. There was no danger that anyone would attack the Bird Woman. She never went to the swamp at night, and on her trips in the daytime every one knew that she carried a revolver, understood how to use it and pursued her work in a fearless manner.

Sinton was afraid for Elnora, yet he did not want to add the burden of fear to Katharine Comstock's trouble or to disturb the joy of Elnora in her work. He stopped at the cabin and slowly went up the walk. Mrs. Comstock was sitting on the front step with some sewing. She dropped her work on her lap, laid her hands on it and looked into his face with a sneer.

"You didn't let any grass grow under your feet," she said.

Sinton saw her white, drawn face and comprehended.

"I went to pay a debt and see about this opening of the ditch, Kate."

"You said you were going to prosecute me."

"Good gracious, Kate!" cried Sinton. "Is that what you have been thinking all day? I told you before I left yesterday that I would not need to do that. I want to ask you if you ever see anything about the swamp that makes you think the old Corson gang is still alive?"

"Can't say that I do," said Mrs. Comstock. "There's kind of dancing lights there sometimes, but I supposed it was just people passing along the road with lanterns."

"Kate, I have got to tell you something. Elnora stopped at the case this morning, and somebody had been into it in the night."

"Broke the lock?"

"No. Used a duplicate key. Today I heard there was a man here last night. I want to nose around a little."

Sinton went to the east end of the cabin and looked up at the window.

There was no way any one could have reached it without a ladder, for the logs were hewed and mortar filled the cracks even. Then he went to the west end. The willow faced him as he turned the corner. He examined the trunk carefully. There was no mistake about small particles of black swamp mud adhering to the sides of the tree. He reached the low branches and climbed the willow. There was earth on the large limb crossing Elnora's window. He stood on it, holding the branch as had been done the night before, and looked into the room. He could see very little, but he knew that if it had been dark outside and sufficiently light for Elnora to study inside he could have seen vividly. He brought his face close to the netting, and he could see the bed with its head to the east, at its foot the table with the candles and the chair before it, and then he knew where the man had been who had heard Elnora's prayer.

Mrs. Comstock had followed around the corner and stood watching him. "Do you think some slinking hulk was up there peekin' in at Elnora?" she demanded indignantly.

"There is muck on the trunk and plenty on the limb," said Sinton. "Haden't you better get a saw and let me take this branch off?"

"No, I hadn't," said Mrs. Comstock. "First place, Elnora's climbed from that window on that limb all her life, and it's hers; second place, no one gets ahead of me after I've had warning. Any crow that perches on that roost again will get its feathers somewhat scattered. Look along the fence there and see if you can find where he came in."

The place was easy to find as was a trail leading for some distance west of the cabin.

"You just go home and don't fret yourself," said Mrs. Comstock. "I'll take care of this. If you should hear the dinner bell at any time in the night you come down. But I wouldn't say anything to Elnora. She best keep her mind on her studies if she's going to school."

When the work was finished that night Elnora took her books and went to her room to prepare some lessons, but every few minutes she looked toward the swamp to see if there were lights near the case. Mrs. Comstock raked together the coals in the cooking stove, got out the lunch box, and, sitting down, she studied it grimly. At last she arose.

"Wonder how it would do to show Mag Sinton a frill or two," she murmured.

Mrs. Comstock was up early and without a word handed Elnora the luncheon case as she left the next morning.

"Thank you, mother," said Elnora and went on her way.

She walked down the road, looking straight ahead until she came to the corner, where she usually entered the swamp. She paused, glanced that way and smiled. Then she turned and looked back. There was no one coming in any direction. She kept to the road until well around the corner, then she stopped and sat on a grassy spot, laid her books beside her and opened the lunch box. She scarcely could believe her senses. Half the bread compartment was filled with dainty sandwiches of bread and butter sprinkled with the yolk of egg and the rest with three large slices of the most fragrant spice cake imaginable. The meat dish contained shaved cold ham, of which she knew the quality; the salad was tomato and celery, and the cup held preserved pear, clear as amber. There was milk in the bottle, two tissue wrapped cucumber pickles in the folding drinking cup and a fresh napkin in the ring. No lunch was ever daintier or more palatable. Of that Elnora was perfectly sure. And her mother had prepared it for her.

She glanced around her and then to her old refuge, the sky. "She does love me!" cried the happy girl. "Sure as you're born she loves me; she just hasn't found it out yet!"

She was to go to the Bird Woman's after school for the last load from the case. Saturday she would take the arrow points and specimens to the bank. That would exhaust her present supplies and give her enough money ahead to pay for books, tuition and clothes for at least two years. She would work early and late gathering nuts. In October she would sell all the ferns she could find. She must collect specimens of all tree leaves before they fell, gather nests and cocoons later and keep her eyes wide open for anything the grades could use. She would see the superintendent that night about selling specimens to the ward buildings. She must be ahead of anyone else if she wanted to furnish these things. So she approached the bridge.

That it was occupied could be seen from a distance. As she came up she found the small boy of yesterday



For Sale by

Sierra Madre Electric Co.

E. S. MOLLENKOPF, Mgr.

Green 22

Baldwin Ave.

awaiting her with a confident smile.

"We brought you something!" he announced without greeting. "This is Jimmy and Belle—and we brought you a present."

He offered a parcel wrapped in brown paper.

"Why, how lovely of you!" said Elnora. "I supposed you had forgotten me when you ran away so fast yesterday."

"Now, I didn't forget you," said the boy. "I wouldn't forget you, not ever! Why, I was in a hurry to take them things to Jimmy and Belle. My, they was glad!"

Elnora glanced at the children. They sat on the edge of the bridge, obviously clad in a garment each, very dirty and unkempt, a little boy and a girl of about seven and nine. Elnora's heart began to ache.

"Say," said the boy, "ain't you going to look what we have gave you?"

"I thought it wasn't polite to look before people," answered Elnora. "Of course I will if you would like to have me."

Elnora opened the package. She had been presented with a quarter of a stale loaf of baker's bread and a big piece of ancient bologna.

"But don't you want this yourselves?" she asked in surprise.

"Gosh, no! I mean I plain no," said the boy. "We always have it. We got stacks this morning. Pa's come out of it now, and he's so sorry he got more 'an ever we can eat. Have you had any before?"

"No," said Elnora. "I never did." The boy's eyes brightened and the girl moved restlessly.

"We thought maybe you hadn't," said the boy. "First you ever have, you like it real well, but when you don't have anything else for a long time, years 'an' years, you git so tired."

He hunched at the string which held his trousers and eyed Elnora speculatively.

"I don't s'pose you'd trade what you got in that box for old bread and bologna now, would you? Mebby you'd like it! And I know, I list know, what you got would taste like heaven to Jimmy and Belle. They never had nothing like that. Not even Belle, and she's most ten. No, sir-ee, they never tasted things like you got."

Elnora knelt on the bridge, opened the box and divided her lunch into three equal parts, the smaller boy getting most of the milk. Then she told them it was school time and she must go.

"Why don't you put your bread and bologna in the nice box?" asked the boy.

"Of course," said Elnora. "I didn't think."

When the box was arranged to the children's satisfaction all of them accompanied Elnora to the corner where she turned toward the high school. Elnora and Billy led the way, Jimmy and Belle followed.

"Billy," said Elnora. "I would like you much better if you were cleaner. Surely you have water. Can't you children get some soap and wash yourselves? Gentlemen are never dirty. You want to be a gentleman, don't you?"

"Is being clean all you have to do to be a gentleman?"

"No," said Elnora. "You must not say bad words and you must be kind and polite to your sister."

"Must Belle be kind and polite to me, else she ain't a lady?"

"Yes."

"Then Belle's no lady!" said Billy succinctly.

Elnora could say nothing more just then, and she bade them goodbye and started home.

"The poor little souls!" she mused. "I think the Almighty put them in my way to show me real trouble. I won't be likely to spend much time pitying myself while I can see them." She glanced at the lunch box. "What on earth do I carry this for? I never had anything that was so strictly ornamental! One sure thing! I can't take this stuff to the high school. You never seem to know just what is going to happen to you while you are there."

As if to provide a way out of her difficulty a big dog arose from a lawn and came toward the gate, wagging his tail. "If those children ate the stuff, it can't possibly kill him!" thought Elnora, so she offered the bologna. The dog accepted it graciously, and, being a pedigreed beast, he trotted around to a side porch and laid the bologna before his mistress. The woman snatched it, screaming, "Come, quick! Some one is trying to poison Pedro!" Her daughter came running from the house. "Go see who is on the street. Hurry!" cried the excited mother.

Ellen Brownlee ran and looked. Elnora was a half block away, and no one nearer. Ellen called loudly, and Elnora stopped. Ellen came running toward her.

"Did you see anyone give our dog something?" she cried as she approached.

Elnora saw no escape.

"I gave it a piece of bologna myself," she said. "It was fit to eat. It wouldn't hurt the dog."

Ellen stood and looked at her. "Of course, I didn't know it was your dog," explained Elnora, and she told Ellen about Billy and Jimmy and Belle and the sacrificed luncheons.

"Wait until I run back and tell mother about the dog, and get my books," said Ellen.

Elnora waited, and that morning she waited down the hall and into the auditorium beside one of the very nicest girls in Onabasha, and it was the fourth day. But the surprise came at noon when Ellen insisted upon Elnora lunching at the Brownlee home and consulted her parents and family and overwhelmed Elnora by a greatly magnified but moderately accurate history of her lunch box.

"Gee, but it's a box, daddy!" cried the laughing girl. "It's carved leather and fastens with a strap that's got her name on it. Inside are trays for things all complete, and it bears evidence of having inclosed delicious food, but Elnora never gets any. She's carried it two days now, and both times it has been empty before she reached school. Isn't that killing?"

"It is, Ellen. In more ways than one. No girl is going to eat breakfast at 6 o'clock, walk three miles and do good work with no lunch. You can't tell me anything about that box. I sold it last Monday night to Wesley Sinton, one of my good country customers. He told me it was a present for a girl who was worthy of it, and I see he was right."

When Elnora entered the coat room after having had luncheon with Ellen Brownlee there was such a difference to the atmosphere that she could feel it.

"I am almost sorry I have these clothes," she said to Ellen.

"In the name of sense, why?" cried the astonished girl.

"Every one is so nice to me in them. It just sets me to wondering if in time I could have made them be equally friendly in the others."

Ellen looked at her introspectively.

"Well, yes, I believe you could," she announced at last. "But it would have taken time and heartache, and your mind would have been less free to work on your studies. No one is happy without friends, and I just simply can't study when I am unhappy."

That night the Bird Woman made the last trip to the swamp. Every specimen she possibly could use had been purchased at a fair price, and three additional had been made to the bank book, carrying the total to a little past \$200. There remained the Indian relics to sell on Saturday, and Elnora had secured the order to furnish material for nature work for the grades. Life suddenly grew very full. There was the most excitingly interesting work for every hour, and that work was to pay high school expenses and start the college fund. There was just one little rift in her joy. All of it would have been so much better if she could have told her mother and given the money into her keeping. But the struggle to get a start had been so terrible, Elnora was afraid to take the risk.

When she reached home she only told her mother that the last of the things had been sold that evening. "I think," said Mrs. Comstock, "that we will get Wesley to move that box over here back of the garden for you. There you are apt to get tolled farther into the swamp than you intend to go, and you might mire or something. There ought to be just the same things in our woods and along our swampy places as there are in the Limerlost. Can't you hunt your stuff here?"

"I can try," said Elnora. "I don't know what I can find until I do. Our woods are undisturbed, and there is a possibility they might be even better hunting than the swamp. But I wouldn't have Freckles' case moved for the world. He might come back some day and not like it. I've tried to keep his room the best I could, and taking out the box would make a great hole in one side of it. Store boxes don't cost much. I will have Uncle Wesley buy me one and set it up wherever hunting looks the best early in the spring. I would feel safer at home."

(Continued next week)

DRESSMAKING — Mrs. C. M. Ellsworth, 38 N. Windsor Lane.

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

By GEORGE B. MORGRIDGE

Published Fridays

Subscription \$1.50 Yearly

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Sierra Madre, California

Office, Room G, Kersting Court

Opposite P. E. Station

Telephone Black 42, Universal L. ng Distance Connections

FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1912

BY THE WAY

Having nominated Woodrow Wilson for the presidency, the democratic convention showed more sense than we gave it credit for having. Champ Clark or any reactionary would have run Taft a race for third place with an independent progressive in the race. As the situation now is the democrats appear to have the best chance of many years to put their candidate in the white house. And it would not be the worst thing that could happen, not by a jugfull. Taft, for instance, would be worse, but is not much to be feared as his own successor. For a year or more an excellent likeness of Wilson has hung on the wall of the News office. Wherefor many people have thought the writer to be secretly nursing democratic inclinations. Not so. The picture was there simply because of admiration for the man. Put he is of presidential caliber and unless there seems to be a good chance of electing a progressive republican on an independent ticket he will undoubtedly get the writer's vote in November.

Petitions seeking an amendment to the California constitution to permit the consolidation of city and county governments in counties having more than 350,000 population are in circulation. The only counties in the state to be affected are Los Angeles and San Francisco. On the face of it the petition reads smoothly enough in appearing to offer protection to the smaller cities of the county in the presentation of the issue to the voters. But it will demand the earnest inspection of "bug hunters" to see that other cities of the country are really protected from any inclination on the part of Los Angeles to gobble them up against their will. Simple justice demands that every city be protected against absorption without the consent of a majority of its voters as is provided in the present state law. Any plan to effect such a union by a majority vote of the whole territory affected, thus throwing the control of the situation to the preponderant population of Los Angeles, should be killed dead.

Our old time friend W. C. Parcher of the Hollywood Citizen has purchased the Owens Valley Herald from C. E. Kunze and his editorial brethren down this way will be glad to learn he is again in the harness, even though so far away as Bishop. After two years spent there Billy has evidently concluded he wants to stay. And like most people who have spent years at the business, he simply can't let newspaper work alone.

Nearly every agricultural product is now controlled by a combination of growers. The Japs control the berry market and to a large extent the truck gardening. They control prices as rigidly as a trust, refusing to pick fruit for lower prices even though it may be going to waste. Hay, potatoes, sugar beets, walnuts, grapes and almost every other agricultural product are pretty well under control of growers' associations, advancing prices usually resulting. Add to this the advance brought about through the increasing number of dealers' associations and we have a partial explanation of the increasing cost of living. But of all the increases in price those which inure to the man who produces from the soil are perhaps least to be criticised. He has for too long been compelled to take what he could get for his products, regardless of the cost of production or the profits which were derived from subsequent handling of the same commodities. But deliberate waste such as is permitted by the berry growers is an economic loss which should be unlawful.

The curiosity of some of the women voters is appalling—to some of the men. What they want to know about politics would fill several encyclopedias. In spite of the fact that they are entitled to the information there are mighty few men who can give them satisfactory answers to half their questions as to the why and wherefor of political procedure. In fact their inability to answer such questions may have been the real reason why a good many men were not over-anxious to grant equal suffrage. It is rather funny sometimes to hear the answers of some of the wise political

sharks when some earnest feminine seeker after information gets after them. The usual method is try to josh the curiosity out of their tormentor. Pinned down to a serious conversation they usually take refuge in the doctrine that whatever is right and what isn't right is due to the opposition party.

Gems In Verse

THE BREAKER BOYS.

THE miners blast away the coal, the hunkies shovel it.
The engineer he hoists the car that's put upon the cage.
But by and by it comes to us where all day long we sit
Within the shaking breaker house and earn our little wage.
For we're the little breaker boys who labor all the day
To pick the slate from out the coal and toss the stuff away.

Our cheeks are hollow, pale and wan; our hair has lost its glow.
The breaker takes that all away in just a little time
Along the slide the dusty coal must flow and flow and flow
The breaker roars and crashes, and the air is full of grime,
And we're the little breaker boys with faces dull and gray
Who pick the slate from out the coal and toss the stuff away.

Our fathers toil as best they can, but still the cash they earn
Is not enough to keep us all, and so we take our trick.
Putting our youth and gladness in the very coal to burn.
Cutting our hands and fingers on the sharp edged slate we pick,
For we're the little breaker boys who leave our fun and play
To pick the slate from out the coal and toss the stuff away.

Our eyes have lost their twinkle and our voices lost their ring
The breaker's dark and dingy, and the noise of it is great.
While other kids are playing ball and having all their fling
We're sitting by a stream of coal and picking out the slate.
For we're the little breaker boys who help the mines to pay,
Who pick the slate from out the coal and toss our lives away!

THE FUGITIVE IDEAL.

AS some most pure and noble face
Seen in the thronged and hurrying street
Sheds o'er the world a sudden grace,
A flying odor sweet,
Then, passing, leaves the cheated sense
Balked with a phantom excellence,
So on our soul the visions rise
Of that fair life we never led—
They flash a splendor past our eyes,
We start, and they are dead.
They pass and leave us with blank gaze,
Resigned to our ignoble days.

HOME.

THERE'S a dark little flat in a poor little street
Where never a sunbeam falls,
And never the patter of children's feet
Is heard in the dingy halls,
And never a fairy has entered there
And never a playful gnome.
The rooms are cold, and the walls are bare,
And silence broods in the dampened air,
But somebody calls it Home.

There's a poor little hut where the smoke is thick
And never a blossom blows,
Where a light that feeds on a greasy wick
In the evening feebly glows,
And never an eye is gladdened there
By picture or worthy tone.
The stove is cold, and the floors are bare,
But a mother teaches her child a prayer,
And somebody calls it Home.

There's a splendid palace upon a hill
Where the walls are wide and long,
Where roysterers gather at midnight to fill
The spaces with ribald song,
And all is brilliant and gorgeous there
From cellar to lofty dome,
But never a child has lisped a prayer
Within those walls, with their treasures rare,
Yet somebody calls it Home.

"MY LOVE IN HER ATTIRE."
MY Love in her attire doth show her wit;
It doth so well become her
For every season she hath dressings fit—
For winter, spring and summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on,
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.
AROUND the little things of life
A world of storm and sunshine lies,
Yet those too busy seldom see
The tired look in other eyes.

AROUND the little things of life
A wealth of loving memories center,
And joys undreamt of by the world
The humblest dwelling places enter.

AROUND the little things of life,
Connected by a thread so slender,
Are long lost smiles and bygone tears
Which helped to make our hearts more tender.

ALAS, how many things in life
Are those of which we cannot boast!
Actions and words we think our best—
How poor and weak they are at most!

MORE full of love, oh, may they be,
Less full of self as in the past!
Help us, dear Lord, to offer thee
More perfect "little things" at last.

Shine! Shine! Georgie Wright will
fit your shoes with the finest kind of
a shine if you take them to the barber
shop. He will also run errands or carry
parcels for you.

To My Friends and Patrons

On and after July 1st I will not solicit. Phone orders will receive prompt attention; so phone your orders. Thanking the citizens of Sierra Madre for past favors, I am as ever

M. D. WELSHER

"Your Grocer"

Telephone Main 6

Cor. Central and Baldwin

News Liners

Advertising inserted under this heading at the rate of five cents per line or each insertion.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Cheap, surrey in excellent condition, and single harness. Inquire of Mrs. N. H. Hosmer, 40-41

FOR RENT—Small office or store room opposite P. E. Station. A. S. MEAD, 38

FOR SALE—Rhode Island Red and White Leghorn laying pullets. Mrs. A. S. Mead, Red 88. 39

FOR SALE—Pigeons. Arthur Evans, Phone Green 16. 40

A GOOD THING—A lot in Sierra Madre Park Tract, Sierra Madre Heights, or the Hawks addition.

FOUND—Key for Yale lock. Owner can have same by identifying at News office and paying for this ad. 39

SPEED CRAZY.

We as a nation have gone speed crazy, and the railroads, against their better judgment, are putting on limited trains to meet the demands of those who would dart from city to city in what half a century ago would have seemed the twinkling of an eye. And the strange part of it is that the people most anxious to get to some place in a hurry are really in no hurry at all. More belong to the leisure than to the business class. Who pays the price for this speed? The engineer. Out of every hundred men who become firemen seven hundred graduate to the freight locomotive cab; six live to haul passenger trains. If there is anything in Darwin's theory it is proved by the locomotive engineer. He is the survivor of the fittest, and you can't make him in a day. —Warren S. Stone, Chief of Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers

PRIDE.

There is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly and covers itself under more disguises than pride.—Addison

And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.
—Coleridge.

In every department of life—in its business and in its pleasures, in its beliefs and in its theories, in its material developments and in its spiritual connections—we thank God that we are not like our fathers.—Froude.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—Ruskin.

But, man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.
—Shakespeare

FUTURE OF WIRELESS.

I believe that in the near future a wireless message can be sent completely around the globe with no relaying and be received by an instrument located in the same office with the transmitter in perhaps even less time than Shakespeare's forty minutes. I feel confident that wireless will gradually replace all other methods of communication because it will be the cheapest and most convenient way of sending messages. I do not think that there is any limit to its adaptability, although many problems still confront us. But problems only exist to be solved.—Guglielmo Marconi.

Sierra Madre Pharmacy

— EVERYTHING IN —

Drugs, Sundries and Sick Room Supplies

Your prescriptions, entrusted to us, will receive our most careful attention

Sierra Madre Pharmacy

F. H. HARTMAN

Sunday Hours 8—11 a. m. 2—5 p. m.

Phone, Black 25

HERD TUBERCULAR TESTED

For Milk and Cream phone Blue 14.
We deliver twice daily to all parts of the city

LIVE OAK DAIRY

M. STEVENS, Proprietor

Our Motto is to Please

Try us

The bank is the financial heart of the community. Upon its circulation depends your prosperity. Do your part towards keeping it throbbing and we will do ours

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

RENAKER & GAY

Funeral Directors

Resident Undertaker Olsen Bldg. Lady Assistant
Corner Baldwin and Central Phone Main 93
Auto and Horse Drawn Ambulances

TRY NEWS WANT ADS FOR RESULTS

Just The Place

Lake Tahoe

"Roughing it to Luxury"

\$25.00

DAILY ROUND TRIP

Stopovers at

San Francisco

and many other points.

RETURN LIMIT

OCT. 31

Southern Pacific

TWCROSS
SPECIAL DELIVERY

Trunks

taken to or from Santa Fe or Pacific Electric Stations for 25c
When you are expecting any

Express or Freight?

send us a post or call up
Green 2 or Residence Black 11
We will watch for it and deliver it promptly.

Office opposite Post Office

Is Your Watch Right?

If not bring it in and let us clean and regulate it

Clock work called for and delivered

E. V. WILSON

Opposite P. E. Station

FEED AND FUEL
TRANSFER

All kinds of stock and poultry feed. Best grades of fuel

Andrew Olsen

Red 85

Res., Black 24

MONROVIA STEAM
LAUNDRY

Cleaning and Pressing

All Work Guaranteed,
First Class

Phone 87 Monrovia for driver

PARASOLS

for summer sunshine. We have them in all colors—to match your summer gowns—and in all materials. Beautiful and substantial. All prices.

Herman R. Hertel

41-47 N. Raymond

Pasadena

Carriage For Hire

By the Hour or Day Meets any car

M. GOLDSTEIN

Main 75

Res. Green 81

AUTO SUNDRIES

We have all the accessories you need to get the greatest enjoyment out of your car with the greatest convenience.

Mitchell Agency

Firstclass work guaranteed in our garage

A. L. Ryder

160 E. Colorado

Pasadena

SOME JOKES

A capital joke—J O K E.
A passable joke—J "o.k." e.
A standing joke—J

o

k

e

Half a joke—Jo.

The other half—ke.—Judge.

The News Liner Column is a great market place for all classes of goods and real estate. Try it.

Engraved cards in approved styles at the News Printery.